

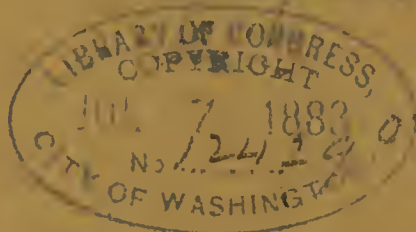




INTERVUE

PARK*

INTERVUE, N. H. ✓

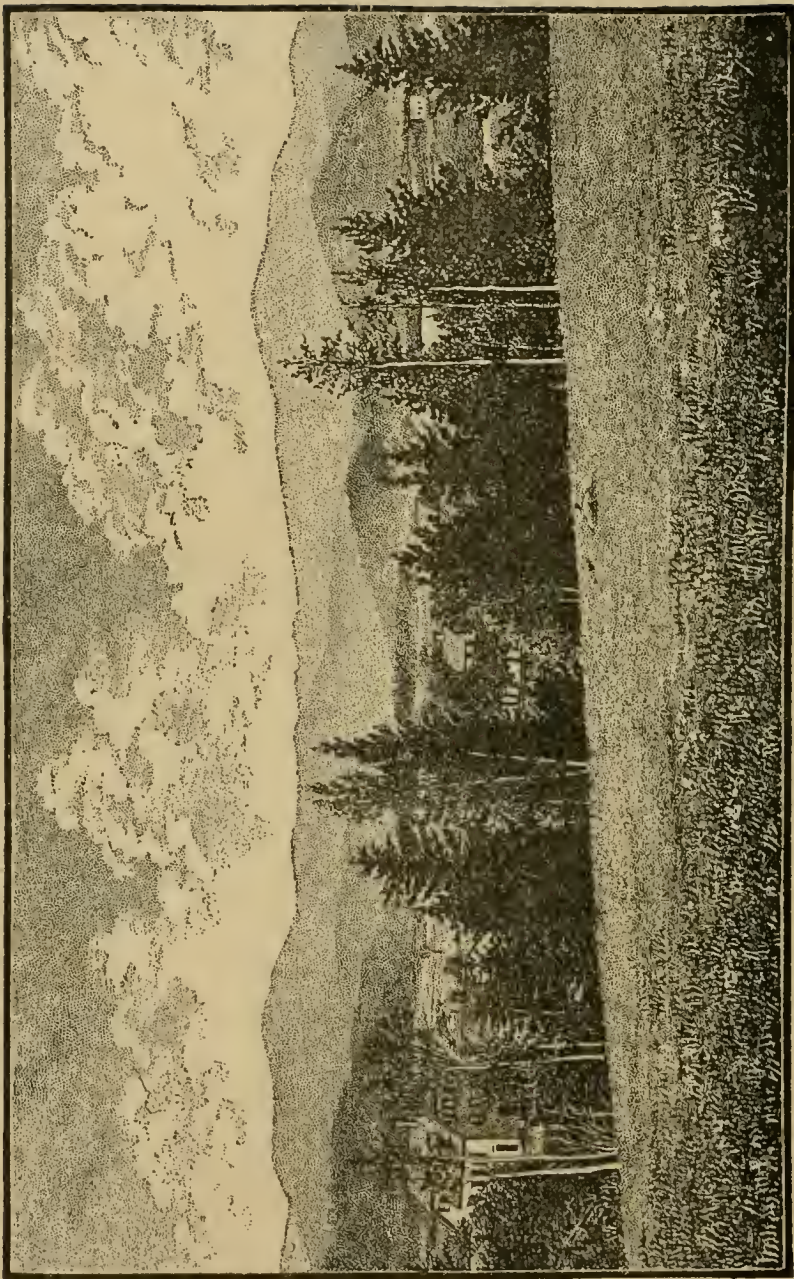


BOSTON :
WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY,
BEACON HILL PLACE.

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INTERVALE, N. H.

INTERVALE PARK,

INTERVALE, N. H.

A CALL TO THE HILLS.

“This is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it forever.” — PSALMS lxviii. 16.

FOR the last eight years we have held a summer convention in the open air, — two years in South Framingham, Mass.; for the last six years in Old Orchard, Me. Believing that such a meeting would be of inestimable value, held among the glorious White Mountains of New Hampshire, I went to Conway two years ago with the prayer in my heart that such a project might be realized. My time was short, and I did not then find the desired locality. This year, in company with Rev. Mr. Luce, after devoting two days to this object, we found a most charming piece of woods at Intervale, North Conway, under the shadow of Bartlett Mountain. No lovelier spot could be found in which to withdraw

a while from the whirl and care of business to commune with God and his holy Word. We have purchased several acres covered with a most luxuriant and varied growth of forest, flowers, and ferns, and withal two mountain springs. Grand old bcwlders, too, are there, offering to our cathedral in the woods nature's own pulpit and desk from which to issue the call for morning devotion, and to which all the day long worshippers might turn for united study of God's Word, for mutual help and uplifting. And if ever worship becomes spontaneous, in hearts otherwise careless and indifferent, it is where the pure air, the woodland shade, the towering arches God has raised, outlined in living green, breathe into the soul a sacred calm; where bursts upon the view the grand and everlasting hills, and ere aware comes the aspiration, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

We look to the living God in this undertaking as in all branches of the work, and expect he will bless us with gifts, that we may lay out, beautify, and adorn a sanctuary for him.

By the sale of lots we hope to be able to erect a tabernacle, an auditorium, dining hall, office of reception, and possibly a few cottages, to be immediately available to those who come from a distance. Our lots of sixty feet by one hundred will sell for one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred dollars each, according to the location.

Desiring a degree of uniformity, order, and taste in the erection of cottages, and also to secure perfect sanitary arrangements, we propose to furnish plans for cottages varying in price from three hundred and fifty dollars upwards. We have been to the expense of preparing plans of cottages, in order that our friends may be relieved of that trouble and expense. We have secured a competent person, who has been a builder for years, and who is now on the ground at work.

As there are numerous lines of railway connecting this mountain region with Canada, the South, West, and East, which are already the highway of extensive summer travel, we would add the inducement to enter this wild-wood retreat, with the God of nature and revelation, to seek added light upon the Divine Word;

where the "immutable rocks" shall symbolize to us that more immutable Word that abideth forever; where the "calm" shade shall speak of that enduring "righteousness" whose "work shall be peace," whose "effect, quietness, and assurance forever."

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." — ISA. liv. 10.

It might seem a work of supererogation to attempt to describe to the travellers of to-day the attractiveness of the New Hampshire mountains. But we submit ourselves to the long-established custom of initiating a new project, by setting forth the abundant attractions, that are indeed truth to our vision, and that, as such, we wish to share with others. We see no better way. No reverent soul can fail to respond with us as he reads the description we are constrained to add,—the outbursts of that poet-soul, the Rev. T. Starr King. He has passed on to the glory eternal, but rarely has pen of mortal given flow to such heavenly rhythm, born of an in-

tense and reverent love for nature in its ever-varying creations of beauty.

The following are extracts from "The White Hills," by Thomas Starr King.

"North Conway is twenty-five miles from the Notch. It is a place to stay in, where the mountains are to be studied, where the mind is to rest as in a natural art gallery, and in an atmosphere saturated with beauty. . . .

"North Conway has been a favorite resort among the mountains for artists. After the first of July its hotels and private houses are often crowded with visitors who desire to spend several days, at least, if not several weeks, in quiet enjoyment of mountain scenery. Why is it that so few persons make provision in the programme of their tour for waiting two or three days in one spot, and for taking the short jaunts in their own hired wagon to the rarer and secluded landscapes in which the glories of the mountain districts are concentrated? Such is the true way to get adequate and lasting impressions of the character of the hill country. . . .

"It is a short task to give the topographical dimensions and to describe the mountain fram-

ing of this village. We can easily say that it is a level bank about thirty feet above the channel and the meadows of the Saco River, extending some four or five miles, and measuring, perhaps, three miles in breadth. On the west the long and noble Mote Mountain guards it; on the east, the rough, less lofty, and bending Rattlesnake Ridge helps to wall it in, — unattractive enough in the ordinary daylight, but a great favorite of the setting sun, which loves to glorify it with Tyrian drapery. On the southwest, as we have said, Chocorua manages to get a peep of one corner of its lovely meadows. Almost the whole line of the White Mountains proper, crowned in the centre by the dome of Mount Washington, closes the view on the northwest and north, — only some twelve or fifteen miles distant by the air; and nearer, on the northeast, its base but two miles distant, swells the symmetrical Kearsarge, the queenly mountain of New Hampshire, which, when the Indian titles were expunged from the great range, should have been christened ‘Martha Washington.’ The true Indian name of this charming pyramid is Pequawket. And far to the south the hills

soften away in a series of smaller and smaller darkening mounds or humps, that answer to the description of the sea-serpent's back. But what suggestion of the exquisite loveliness of the village is given by the most accurate report of its meadow farms and mountain guards? We well remember driving into it from the north by the Jackson road, about sunset, under waving hangings of vermilion and gold. The sinking sunlight was shedding yellow splendor over the meadows, tinging the higher edges of the azure mists that settle in the ravines of Mount Washington with tender rose color, and flooding the upper half of the Rattlesnake Ridge with purple sharply ruled from a basis of deep bronze green. Our wagon was stopped on the borders of the bank about three miles north of the centre of the village, on the edge of Bartlett, where the meadows look most fascinating; and one of our party, who was this way for the first time introduced to the quiet and the luxuriant loveliness of this village, said, 'I did not suppose that there was on earth a landscape so exquisite as this.' . . .

"One always finds, we think, on a return to

North Conway, that his recollections of its loveliness were inadequate to the reality. Such profuse and calm beauty sometimes reigns over the whole village that it seems to be a little quotation from Arcadia, or a suburb of Paradise.

“Who can tell how it is that the trees here seem of more aristocratic elegance, — that the shadows are more delicately pencilled, — that the curves of the brooks are more seductive than elsewhere? Why do the nights seem more tender and less solemn? What has touched the ledgy rocks with a grace that softens the impression of sublimity and age? What has made the ‘twilight parks’ of pine dim with a pensive, rather than a melancholy dusk? Certainly we have seen no other region of New England that is so swathed in dreamy charm. . . .

“One sees more clear sky in eight summer weeks in Conway, probably, than in the compass of an Italian year. The air of Italy is more opalescent, and seems to hold the light in luscious repose, and yet a little unsteady in tint. But for pomp of bright, clear, contrasted flames on a deep and transparent sky, the visitors of North Conway, on the sunset bank that over-

looks the meadows, enjoy the frequent privilege of a spectacle which the sun sinking behind the Notch conjures for them, such as he rarely displays to the dwellers by the Arno or the inhabitants of Naples. How often have we seen such shows from that bank, while the evening song of birds came up from the near orchards and the distant maple groves of the meadow below, as it seemed too wasteful in Nature to have prepared for the fading canopy of one small village and of one summer evening! Then was the time for the miracle of Joshua; for some artist priest, like Turner, to bid the sun stand still, that such gorgeousness might be a garniture of more than a few rapid moments upon the cloud-flecked pavilion of the air. And as the brightness burned off from the hills behind, and the hastening fire mounted from the lower clouds to stain the cirrus, and the west began to glow with the up-cast beams of the sunken sun, one could not but feel the aspiration connected with the fleeting magnificence of sunset, which is not the least marvellous passage of Goethe's *Faust*. We are indebted for the translation to the kindness of a friend, whose knowledge of

German is equalled only by his artistic command of English, and who has given a full equivalent of the original in rhythm and grace.

‘He yields, he vanishes, the day is gone,
 Yonder he speeds and sheds new life forever.
 O! had I wings to rise and follow on
 Still after him with fond endeavor!
 Then should I see beneath my feet
 The still world’s everlasting vesper,
 Each summit tipped with fire, each valley silence
 sweet,
 The silver brook, the river’s molten jasper.

And naught should stay my god-competing flight,
 Though savage mountains now with all their ravines,
 And now the ocean with its tempered havens,
 Successive greet the astonished sight,
 The god at length appears as he were sinking;
 But still the impulse is renewed,
 I hasten on, the light eternal drinking,
 The day pursuing, by the night pursued,
 The heavens above, and under me the billows.
 A pleasant dream! Meanwhile the sun has fled.
 In vain, alas! the spirit’s wings are spread,
 Never will bodily wings appear as fellows.’

“Of course it must not be understood that North Conway is always thus beautiful. The sunshine, even when the days are clear, sometimes produces only journey work. Besides the prismatic beams and the active ray, there is the artistic quality in the light, which at times refuses to leave its fountains, and the scene is prosaic. Now and then the Saco, swelled by the bounty of a score of mountain heights, overflows its bed, sweeps the whole surface of the Intervale, and mounts to the very edge of the bank on which the village is built.

“We cannot prophesy these baptisms. So we cannot tell when the spiritual heights from which Nature issues will unseal their opulence, and send the freshet of bloom,—when the ‘finer light in light’ will break its bounds and give us

. . . ‘One of the charmèd days

When the genius of God doth overflow,’

and the whole valley will turn into a goblet, brimming with beauty too liberal to be contained by the mountain walls that are tinted with its weird waves. . . .

“If now, turning in another direction, we seek

to explain the difference in charm between North Conway and other villages of the mountains, we must bear in mind that there is the same difference between scenes in nature that there is between words when put together at random and words arranged in sentences. Ordinarily, hills and streams, trees and fields, convey by their arrangement no definite impression and hold attention by no intellectual charm. They simply supply the scattered vocabulary of line and flash, tint and form, by means of which the artist rewrites his symmetrical thought.

“ Truth, for the purposes and order of science, is furnished by one tree as well as another; by a stream, whether it leap in musical cascade or flow calmly to the sea; by the mountain, regardless of the slope of its wall or the shape of its crest. But for purposes of art and artistic joy, the disposition and proportion of materials are all important; for thus only is land lifted into landscape. It is pleasant to find in any scene one or two instances of combination — rock with stream, meadow and hill, dip and cone — that will satisfy the eye and offer a sentence or a rhyme of the omnipresent Artist.

“It is delightful when we find a paragraph or a long passage that obeys the grammar of beauty and prints a rounded conception of the Creator. Then the day is too short for the ever-renewing joy of vision. The distinction of North Conway is, that it is a large natural poem in landscape. Up to the limit where art can come in as improvement it is finished by the natural forces with a fine pencil. Every arc of the circle which the eye breaks off by a direct gaze — from the scarred gorges of the range that closes the view on the northwest, to the cheerful openness of the southerly outlook — is a picture ready for the canvas, having definite sense, sentiment, and rhythm. When one enters it, it is the opening of a volume of divine verse, with strophe and antistrophe of mountain majesty, with eclogues and idyls, and sonnets, and lyrics, wrought out of meadows and groves and secluded nooks and leaping streams. It would require more space than our volume will allow to do justice to the various charms into which this wide circle of beauty is broken by walks and excursions and drives. One of the prominent pleasures of a clear and cool day is to find different points

for studying Mt. Washington. In what novel-
ties of shape, dignity, and effect he may be
thrown by the rambles of a morning! We may
see his steep, torn walls rising far off beyond a
hill which we are ascending, and which hides
from us most of the foreground in the village
and the base on which the mountain stands; or
may catch a glimpse of him through a couple of
trees that stand sentinel to keep other moun-
tains of the range from an intrusion that will
reduce his majesty; or may seek a position over
a grove whose breezy plumes afford the most
cheerful contrast of motion and color to set off
his gray grandeur and majestic rest; or from
different points near the Saco may relate him by
changing angles into fresh combinations with
the level verdure of the meadows, or with some
curve of its brooks, or some graceful thicket of
its maples. Such a walk upon the meadows
over its roughnesses, its occasional rods of marsh,
its ditch here and there, useful to the farmer
but not delightful to feet in search of the pic-
turesque, its rickety fences to be climbed, — and
all for the sake of catching a new attitude, or a
new expression of the monarch hill of New Eng-

land, certainly tempts one who is familiar with Stirling's poems to repeat to himself the lines:

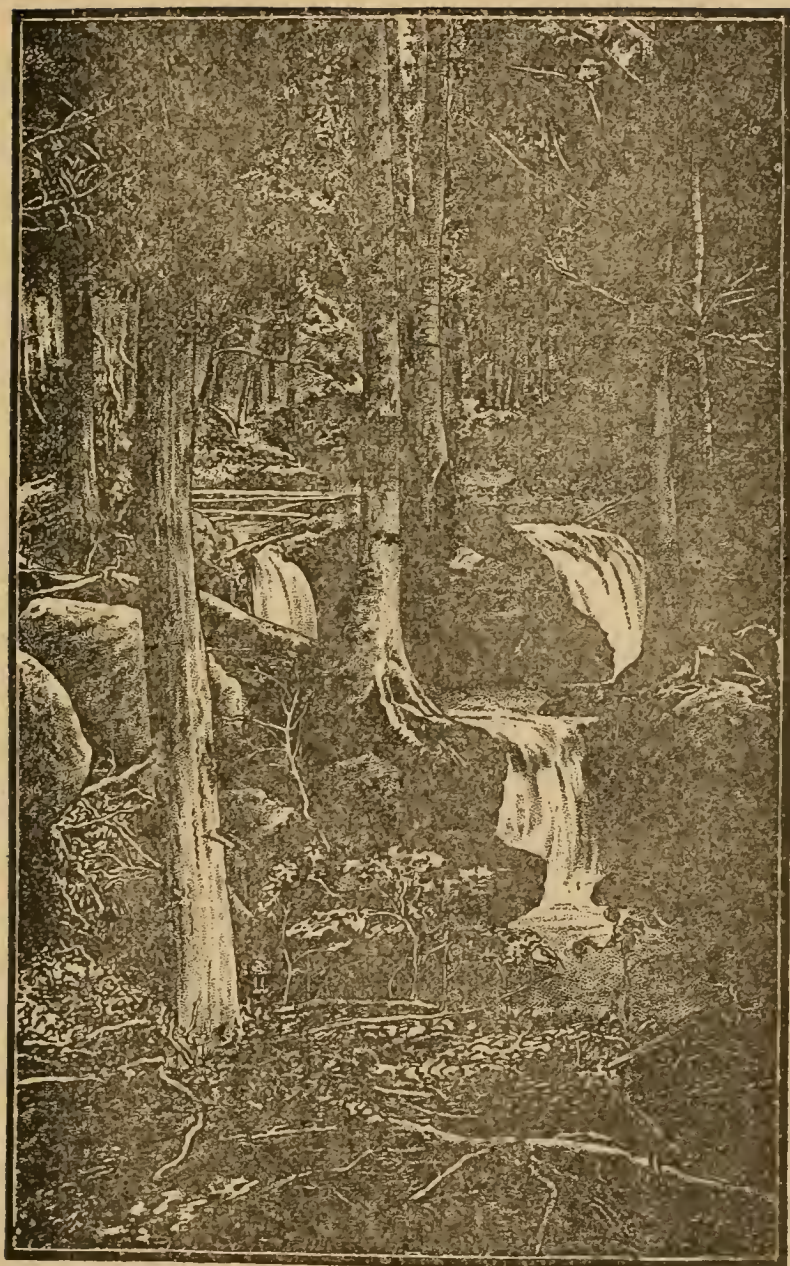
' I looked upon a plain of green,
That some one called the Land of Prose,
Where many living things are seen
In movement or repose.

I looked upon a stately hill,
That well was named the Mount of Song,
When golden shadows wait at will
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise,
It was the mountain stream that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.'

“ But let us remember that a climbing of Mount Washington, along the very track of those delicate dimples and golden-edged shadows, would make it seem intensely enough the ‘Land of Prose,’ while the poetry and the gold would have floated off upon the meadow to efface all suggestions of ditches and marsh, and make it one strip of shaven and fascinating lawn. And we need not go so far as the nearest outwork of the White Mountain wall to see this poetry,

which the lowlands always refer to the mountains, flung back again. The sunset bank, near the Kearsarge House in the centre of Conway village, or still better, the roadside, near the little Methodist Church on the edge of Bartlett, opens the meadow in such loveliness that one might believe he was looking through an air that had never enwrapped any sin, upon a floor of some nook of the primitive Eden. What more appropriate reverence can we pay to this Intervale, beyond all question, as seen from the point last mentioned, the most entrancing piece of meadow which New England mountains guard, or upon which the setting sun lavishes his gold, than to connect with it Mr. Ruskin's analysis of the beauty and apostrophe to the uses of the grass? 'Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green, nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of nature's workmanship;



RUNAWAY BROOK, INTERVALE PARK.

made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull, brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food, — stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine, — there be any, by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.' . . .

“ We can recall a most singular combination of freshness and bloom in the Saco Valley, with one of the very wildest aspects which the mountains ever assume. Just where we expected the culminating pleasure of the ride from Centre Harbor to Conway, — that is, on the top of the hill in Eaton, — we experienced a singular disappointment. The snow-capped ridge of Washington ought to have risen out of the north; the whole horizon should have been thunderclouded with dark and rugged domes. But though the sky had not a cloud, there was nothing to be seen. Fires in the neighboring forests had

thickened the air to the north with smoke and cancelled the hills from the landscape as completely as if they had been annihilated. It was interesting, however, to see them start out by turns from their pall, as we rode along. First the Motes outlined themselves; next, the graceful spectre of Kearsarge peered from the golden smoke to keep us company; but even when our wagon rattled into the level street on which North Conway is built, the same veil hid every trace of Mount Washington from sight. The meadows of North Conway, however, with their elms arching in fresh drapery, their maple groves not yet impenetrable by the eye, with thickets of verdure, and the orchards that nestled under the banks of the village, snowy with bloom, were more charming in contrast with the Day-of-Judgment atmosphere that invested the hills. . . .”

PLANS OF HOUSES.

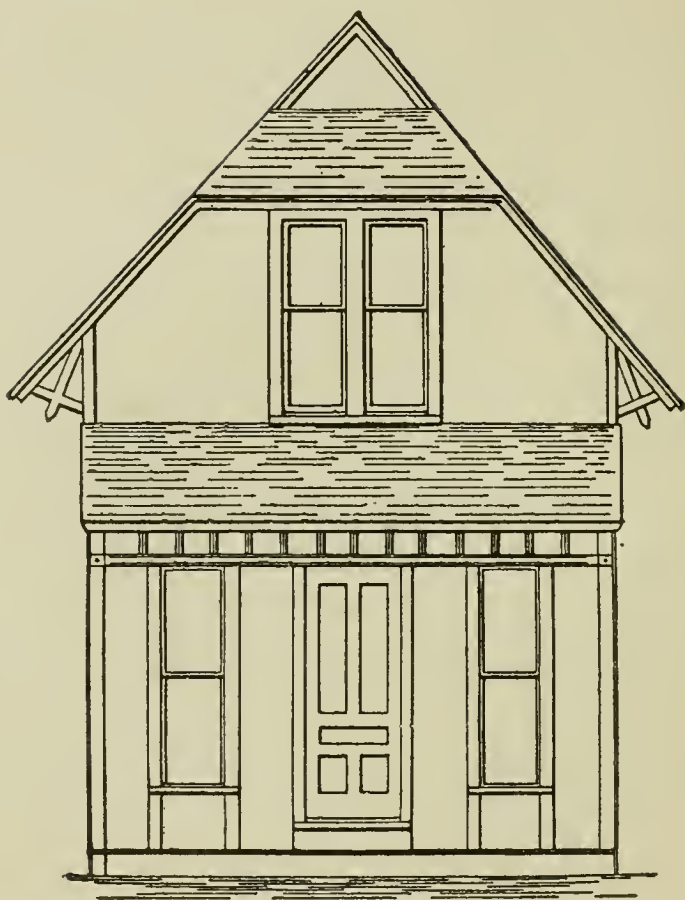
We insert a few plans of houses to be erected at “Intervale Park.” As we have said before, we have been at the expense of preparing these

plans, so that persons who are unaccustomed to building, and who may desire to erect cottages, can be spared the trouble and expense of an architect, and can thus also unite with us, to secure simplicity, completeness, and uniformity in building.

A competent architect has drawn these plans for us, aiming to combine cheapness and good taste.

A builder has been secured to erect houses as desired, in whom we have every confidence. Orders for the erection of cottages may be sent to us, to which we will give faithful care. Persons can communicate with us, or give their personal attention to the selection of lots.

We wish to afford a pleasant summer home to friends who desire a retreat from busy care, and who yet have "God in all their thoughts," and who "in all their ways acknowledge Him."

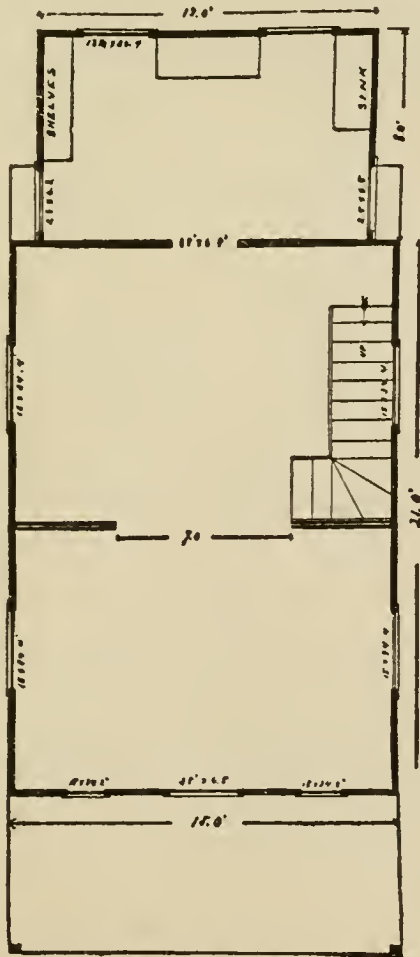


No. 1. FRONT ELEVATION.

COTTAGE NO. 1.

This little cottage consists of parlor, dining room and kitchen on first floor, with two chambers in the attic. Piazza on the front of house.

This house is not plastered, and can be built for \$350. The lot at \$100 will make a pretty summer house for a small family for the sum of \$450.



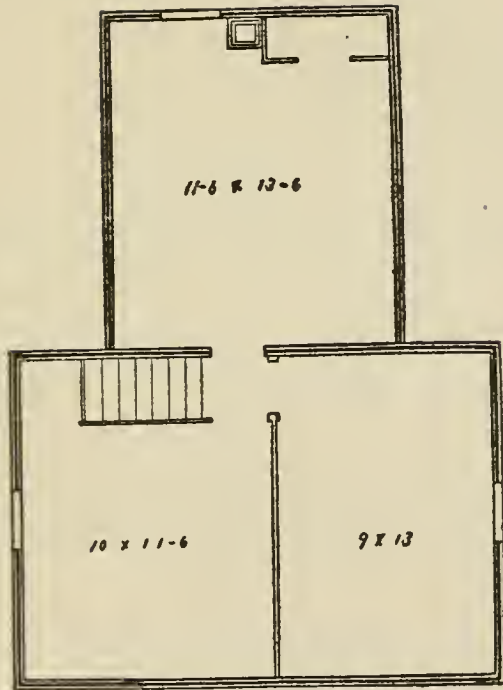
No. 1. FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



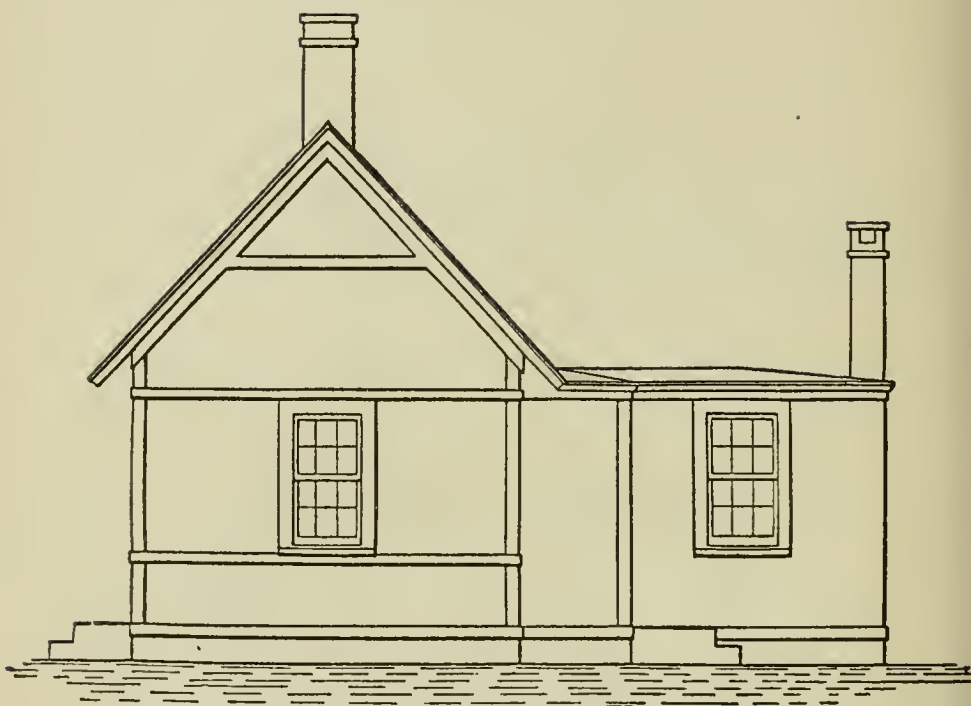
No. 2. SIDE ELEVATION.

COTTAGE No. 2.

This is a neat cottage of five rooms; parlor, kitchen, with three chambers on next floor, piazza in front of house. Cost of this cottage \$350, lot \$100, making the house and lot \$450. This house is not plastered.



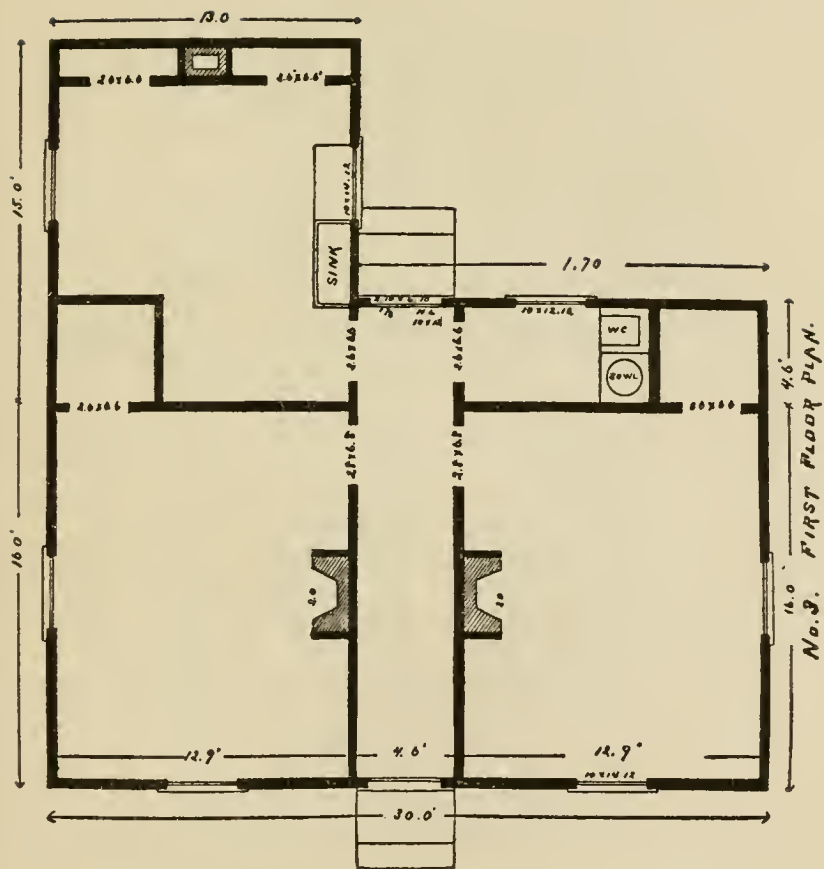
No. 2. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

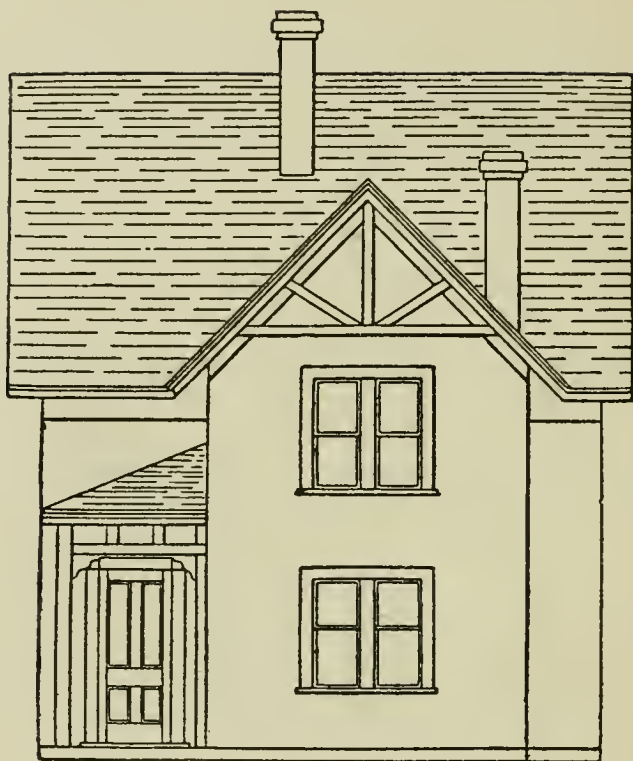


No. 3. SIDE ELEVATION.

COTTAGE NO. 3.

This little cottage is plastered; has three rooms, with cellar under kitchen; open fireplace in parlor and chamber; closets, hall running through the house, to give a fine circulation of air; roof painted red, and outside of suitable color, and is a very pretty house for a man and his wife. House cost \$450, lot \$100. Whole amount \$550.

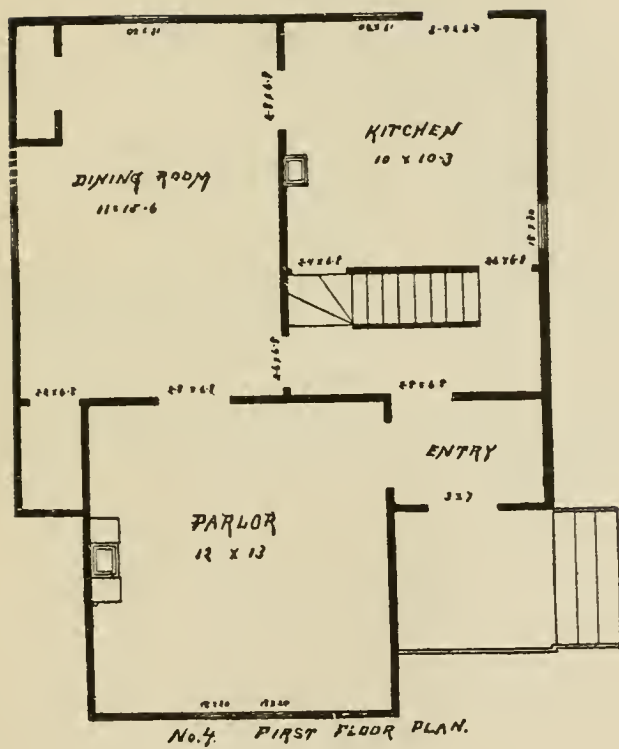




No. 4. FRONT ELEVATION.

COTTAGE No. 4.

This is a very convenient and pretty house; plastered, painted, roof red, parlor, dining room, and kitchen on first floor; three good chambers above. This is a very comfortable house; will cost to build \$900, lot at \$100 will give a lovely house that can be occupied the year round for \$1,000.

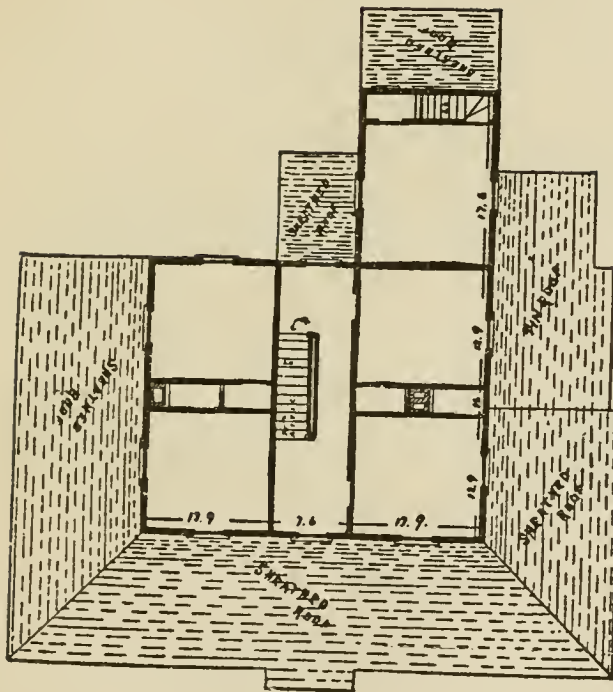




No. 5. FRONT ELEVATION.

COTTAGE No. 5.

This is a large, convenient house in the present style of architecture; piazzas on three sides twelve feet wide; parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen on first floor; four square chambers and two attics; open fireplaces in all the rooms on the lower floor. This house is a marvel of beauty and comfort; well painted and a fit house for a family of means. Cost \$2,000; lot \$100 or \$200; whole cost \$2,100 or \$2,200.



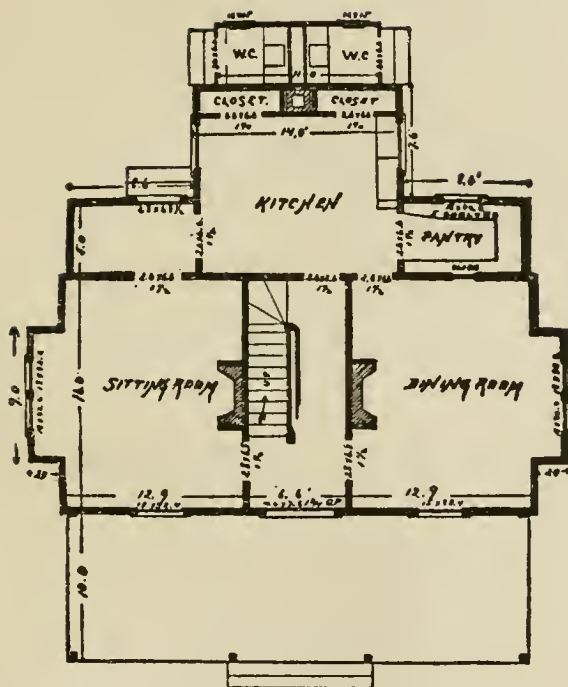
No. 51 SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



No. 6. FRONT ELEVATION.

COTTAGE NO. 6.

This is a gem of a house, and can be occupied the year round. It is plastered ; two coats of paint ; roof red ; open fireplaces in dining room and parlor ; four good chambers ; kitchen ; spacious closets ; long piazza ; earth closet ; bay windows in both sides of the house ; hall wide ; the whole house having a genuine home look. This house can be built for \$1,100. Lot, \$100 or \$200, making a charming house for \$1,200 or \$1,300.



No. 6 FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Our builder has other plans of houses costing from \$500 and upwards. We wish to say here that the houses are to be built at the prices given, which are at a very low figure, so that our friends may have all the advantage of our experience and industry and be able "at once to go up and build." To help in this matter we are willing to take orders to build these cottages at the prices quoted; and as they are put as low as any man can possibly build them, there will be no variation from the prices given.

Purchasers of lots are at liberty to exercise their own taste in plans, but any design of house different from the plans furnished by us must be first submitted to the undersigned. This requirement is made simply for mutual protection; that there shall be nothing lacking to the comfort of all, and that each may seek the good of his neighbor.

Friends may select their lots either by writing to me or by taking the train from Boston over the Eastern Railroad to Intervale, N. H. Communications to be addressed to

DR. CHAS. CULLIS,

16 SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

3477-251
Lot-38





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